

Young King Cole

DETECTIVE TALES

SUMMER

10¢



VOL. 1 NO. 4



WEB COMIC
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ROBBERY WITH INTEREST

By WILLIAM CUTHBERT

DUKE ALLEN eased back in the shadow of the big hotel as a man came toward him.

He was well dressed and walked with an important air. There should be at least a hundred dollars in his pocket.

The street was deserted on this chilly night. Duke's gun came from his hip pocket with a speed that was amazing.

"This is a stick-up," warned Duke.

Before the man could gain control of himself, Duke's hand was beneath the man's coat clutching the wallet in the inside pocket.

"Listen, Bud—" the man started to protest.

Duke didn't like an argument when he was working. In a flash the man's wallet was in Duke's coat pocket, and Duke snacked the barrel of his gun against the side of the man's head. The man staggered, then slid to the pavement.

Duke walked down the street. He knew the man was only stunned. That was the way he treated his victims. Didn't care to hurt them too much. Just get their money and make sure of a getaway.

Duke turned the corner and went to the next street where the traffic was heavier. He hailed a taxi cab.

Inside the cab, Duke said, "Jordan's Night Club." Then he opened the wallet. As usual, he was right. The man had been a good customer. There was a hundred

and twenty dollars in the wallet.

Duke transferred the money to his own wallet, then tossed the stolen wallet out of the window.

When Duke entered the night club, he ignored the tables, and the show that was being staged, and walked to the rear of the corridor and tapped lightly on a door. An eye hole opened in the door, then the door opened.

Duke smiled at the sight of the gambling tables. This was the way to live. Use someone else's money as a stake, then plunge at the dice table. You couldn't lose.

And right now Duke had the premonition that he was going to clean up. He was going to get interest on the other fellow's money.

He walked to the dice table and smiled at the house attendant. "Roll 'em and weep," said Duke.

Two hours later, Duke walked away from the table very much satisfied with himself. He had a cool thousand dollars in his pocket. He knew he couldn't lose that night.

Outside, he called a taxi. "Graymore Hotel," he told the driver.

He settled in the seat as the cab went down the street, but suddenly his sixth sense told him to look through the rear window. Another cab was pulling away from the curb at the night club. Duke shrugged his shoulders and asked himself, "So what?"

But his sixth sense continued to bother him, and he

watched the cab behind, as it turned each corner that his cab did.

He was being trailed! Could it be a cop?

"Step on it!" ordered Duke.

The driver seemed used to such orders, and he obeyed.

When he reached the hotel, Duke sighed with relief. The other cab wasn't in sight.

Duke rushed to his room and quickly packed his suitcase. He was leaving town for awhile.

The street was deserted when he walked out of the hotel. He decided to walk toward the railroad station until he could find a taxi. His mind was occupied, when a figure stepped out of the shadows.

"This is a stick-up," said a husky voice, and a gun poked into Duke's middle. His wallet was taken from his pocket before he could catch his breath.

Then Duke found his voice. "Wait there, Bud," he said, "I'm a stick-up man too."

"Yeah, I know," answered the voice, "you stuck me up tonight, and I've been trailin' you since."

"But there's a thousand dollars in my wallet—I won in a dice game—"

"Good, that's interest on my money and—"

When Duke woke up, he was in a hospital, and he realized that he had also paid interest for snacking the other stick-up man on the head.

YOUNG KING COLE



DETECTIVE AGENCY
MASTER MIND

WHEN



KINGSTON COLE, HEAD OF THE COLE DETECTIVE AGENCY, LEFT THE U.S.A. ON A SECRET GOVERNMENT MISSION, HE PLACED HIS SON, YOUNG KING COLE, IN CHARGE OF THE AGENCY. KINGSTON COLE'S DEPARTURE CAUSED ACTIVITY IN A "BIG CITY" MOB OF THIEVES AND MURDERERS KNOWN AS THE SPADE GANG, FOR, AS THE 6 OF SPADES REMARKED TO THE JACK OF SPADES

"IT'S GONNA BE A LEAD PIPE CINCH TO CLEAN UP THE COLE AGENCY NOW OLE' KINGSTON COLE'S TOOK A POWDER AN' LEFT THAT JERK SON O' HIS IN CHARGE!"



BUT, AFTER THREE ATTEMPTS BY THE SPADE GANG TO LIQUIDATE THE COLE AGENCY, WE FIND THE SCORE VERY MUCH IN FAVOR OF YOUNG KING COLE AND HIS THREE ASSOCIATES —



URSUS
GRAHAM



"WHIP"
STEELE

AND
IRIS
NORLAND—



WHO ARE GATHERED FOR A CONFERENCE WITH KING COLE IN THE MID-TOWN OFFICES OF THE COLE AGENCY.



WELL, GANG, WHAT'S THE TALLY ON THE SPADE GANG, NOW THAT THE THIRD ROUND'S OVER?

JIM WILCOX

Editor and General Manager—ROBERT D. WHEELER

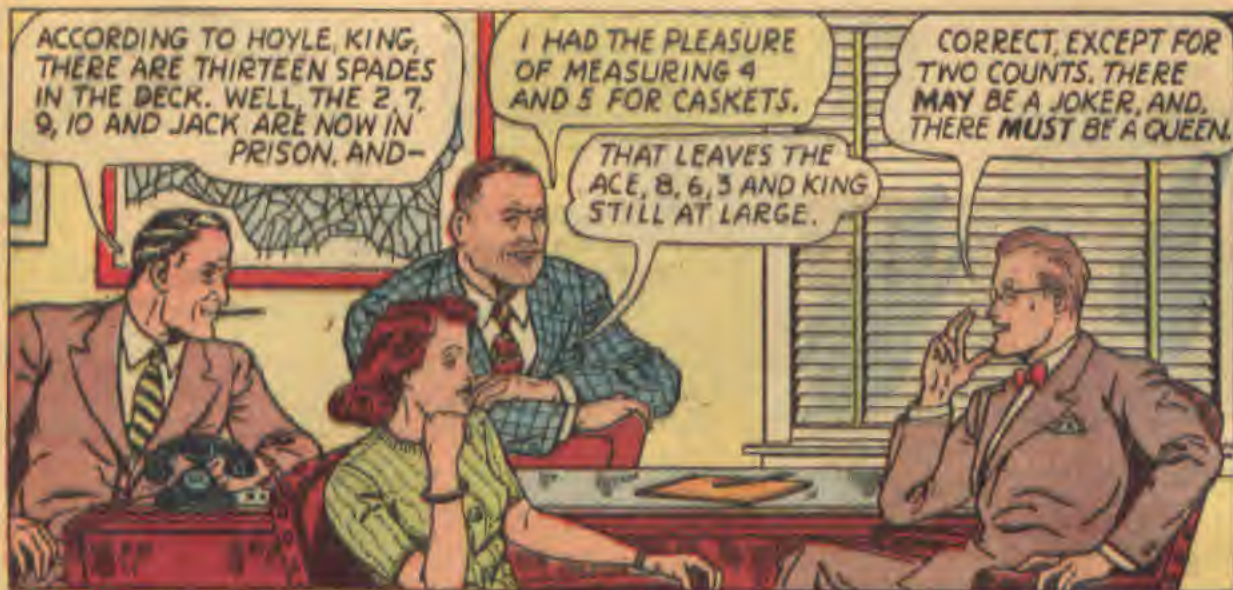
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YOUNG KING COLE, Vol. 1, No. 4, Summer, 1946, (June-July), published bi-monthly by Novelty Press Division of The Premium Service Co., Inc., P. O. Box 1198, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa., editorial offices, 119 West 19th St., New York 11, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A., copyright 1946 by The Premium Service Co., Inc. Price 10 cents per copy. Member of The Premium Group of Comics. No living person named or delineated in this magazine except historical personages.



ACCORDING TO HOYLE, KING, THERE ARE THIRTEEN SPADES IN THE DECK. WELL, THE 2, 7, 9, 10 AND JACK ARE NOW IN PRISON, AND—

I HAD THE PLEASURE OF MEASURING 4 AND 5 FOR CASKETS.

THAT LEAVES THE ACE, 8, 6, 3 AND KING STILL AT LARGE.

CORRECT, EXCEPT FOR TWO COUNTS. THERE MAY BE A JOKER, AND, THERE MUST BE A QUEEN.

YES, KING, THERE IS A QUEEN, FOR AT THIS MOMENT, IN A BACK ROOM IN A MODEST HOUSE ACROSS TOWN A STATEMENT IS BEING MADE.

JOKER! I'M NOT HELPING YOU RECRUIT A NEW MOB. FOUR, MY ONLY BROTHER, WAS KILLED BY URSUS, SO, WHILE YOU RECRUIT, I AM GOING TO SETTLE ACCOUNTS WITH COLE AND COMPANY, MYSELF!



I SHOULD FINE YOU FOR INSUBORDINATION, QUEEN, BUT... GO AHEAD. I'LL BE AT HQ, SHOULD YOU NEED ME... NOW, GET OUT!



BACK AT THE COLE AGENCY—

I'VE A HUNCH THOSE LEFT OF THE SPADE MOB WILL TRY TO EVEN THE SCORE. SO, DON'T FAIL TO KEEP THE OFFICE INFORMED OF YOUR WHEREABOUTS AT ALL TIMES.



CUT-MY-COAT, KING, YOU DON'T HAVE TO WET NURSE US. WE CAN TAKE CARE OF OURSELVES! JUST YOU BE SURE YOU KEEP YOUR EARS CLEAN!



URSUS! WHIP OUT OF IT! KING'S RIGHT... THAT MOB IS B-A-D, AS YOU SHOULD KNOW, WHAT WITH THE JAMS YOU GOT INTO WITH EM!... WELL, I'M HEADING FOR THE ALLDORF—BACK ABOUT TWO.



A FEW BLOCKS FROM THE AGENCY, A NOTE IS THRUST INTO WHIP'S POCKET BY A STRANGER WHO...



...THEN RUSHES AWAY BEFORE WHIP CAN MAKE A MOVE TO QUESTION OR DETAIN HIM.

WHAT KIND OF FUM-DIDDLES IS THIS? ... DEAREST! MEET ME ALLDORF LOBBY, EAST ENTRANCE, ONE-THIRTY. YOUR LOVIN' SLICK CHICK."



SNIFF... SNIFF. OH, BOY! IF SHE HAS HALF THE OOMPH THIS SCENT HAS... WOW! MY GETTING THIS NOTE'S A MISTAKE, OF COURSE, BUT, WELL, I WAS HEAD-ED FOR THE ALLDORF SO... WHO KNOWS? THIS MAY BE MY LUCKY DAY!



SINCE I HAVE THE NOTE, "DEAREST" WON'T SHOW UP, SO, IF I MEET HER, SHE MAY HAVE LUNCH WITH ME, IF I STRUT MY STUFF!



AND, IN A CORNER DRUGSTORE—

WHIP STEELE WAS THE FIRST ONE OUT OF THE AGENCY. SO, I GAVE HIM THE NOTE AND BEAT IT. I'LL BET BUCKS HE'LL BE IN THE LOBBY WITHIN FIFTEEN MINUTES.



WHIP STEELE?
GOOD! HE'LL DO FOR A STARTER... NOW, TAKE THIS DOWN—"ALLDORF, 682, 2,30. FLYER IN STEEL, SHOULD CLEAN UP, BUT MAY NEED SOME COLLATERAL. DOOR OPEN. Q' GET THAT TO K RIGHT AWAY.



15 MINUTES LATER, WHIP HURRIES INTO THE ALLDORF AND—

OH! I BEG YOUR PARDON!

OOH! MY MEDICINE!

BOP!



I'M SO SORRY! AWKWARD OF ME, MISS... MRS—

SMASHED... AND HOW! NOW I'LL HAVE TO GO BACK FOR A NEW BOTTLE.



IT WAS MY FAULT! LET ME GET IT FOR YOU... I INSIST, MISS... MRS.

BARR, MISS BETTY BARR, IT'S AWFULLY DECENT OF YOU, MR. SURE YOU DON'T MIND?



THE NAME IS STEELE. MIND?! OF COURSE NOT! WHAT IS THE MEDICINE AND WHERE DO I GET IT, MISS BARR?

2X FELIS. YOU GET IT JUST UP THE STREET AT MAUR'S.... WAIT, I'LL GIVE YOU THE MONEY.





HA! HE DOESN'T REGARD ME AS CATNIP THAT IS CERTAIN.

GIVE HIM TIME, WHIP. HE'LL PROBABLY BE PURRING IN YOUR LAP IN NO TIME, AND—COME IN!



A WAITER ENTERS, DEFTLY SETS UP A TABLE, PLACES THE LUNCHEON UPON IT AND WITHDRAWS.

I DO HOPE YOU'LL LIKE WHAT I'VE ORDERED FOR YOU, MR... ER... WHIP.

MISS BARR, I'M SURE ANYTHING YOU'VE ORDERED WILL BE JUST PERFECT!



FOR THAT NICE SPEECH, SIR, YOU MAY CALL ME BETTY... IF YOU'LL OPEN THE WINDOW FOR ME.



AS WHIP CROSSES THE ROOM TO RAISE THE WINDOW, HIS HOSTESS SWIFTLY LIFTS THE COVER OF THE SUGAR BOWL, DEPOSITS SOME SUGAR-LIKE CUBES THEREIN AND SILENTLY REPLACES THE COVER.



AND NOW, WHIP, WE SHALL SEE IF THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART IS THROUGH THE STOMACH!



AH, BUT PROXIMITY IS ALSO A GREAT HELP. I'M GOING TO MOVE AROUND CLOSER TO YOU, GORGEOUS.

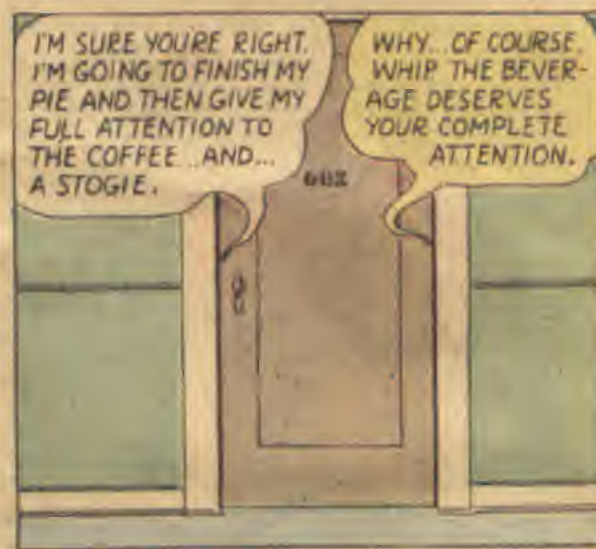
YOU STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE, SIR! WHY, I BELIEVE YOU ARE A... A HANDSOME WOLF, WHIP STEELE!



HRRMPH! AH... UH, NOT AT ALL, MY DEAR. JUST ONE WHO APPRECIATES REAL CHARM, BEAUTY AND ALLURE WHEN HE ENCOUNTERS IT!

WHIP! WILL YOU PLEASE GET ON WITH LUNCH? I'VE A SURPRISE FOR YOU WITH THE DESSERT COURSE.





WE TURN BACK THE CLOCK AND RETURN TO KING COLE. IT IS 1:30 P.M., AND KING IS RETURNING TO THE AGENCY AFTER A HURRIED LUNCH AS HE, WITH A NUMBER OF PEOPLE, WAITS AT AN INTERSECTION FOR THE GREEN LIGHT. A CAR SPEEDS UP TO BEAT THE CHANGE, AND—

A FRONT TIRE BLOWOUT SWERVES IT INTO THE GROUP ON THE CORNER—



KING AND A MAN ARE HURLED SEVERAL FEET, LANDING WITH KING UNDERNEATH, SHAKEN AND SOMEWHAT DAZED.



KING EXTRICATES HIMSELF, THEN KNEELS TO EXAMINE THE MOTIONLESS FORM. BUT HE IS ROUGHLY FLUNG SPRAWLING BY A BLOW FROM BEHIND—

OUTTA THE PARK, FOUL BALL!



PRONE, KING SEES THE WALLET AND SOME PAPERS SNATCHED FROM THE PROSTRATE MAN'S POCKET AND,



AS THE THIEF HURRIES OFF, A WHITE PASTEBOARD FLUTTERS TO KING'S HAND.

THE KING OF SPADES! THE SPADE GANG AGAIN! I'VE GOT TO GET THAT GUY!



KING SPRINGS TO HIS FEET AND TAKES AFTER THE THIEF WHO IS THREADING HIS WAY RAPIDLY THROUGH THE CROWD.

HALFWAY UP THE BLOCK THE THIEF DARTS INTO A GLOOMY ALLEY, AND MOMENTS LATER HE IS FOLLOWED BY KING.

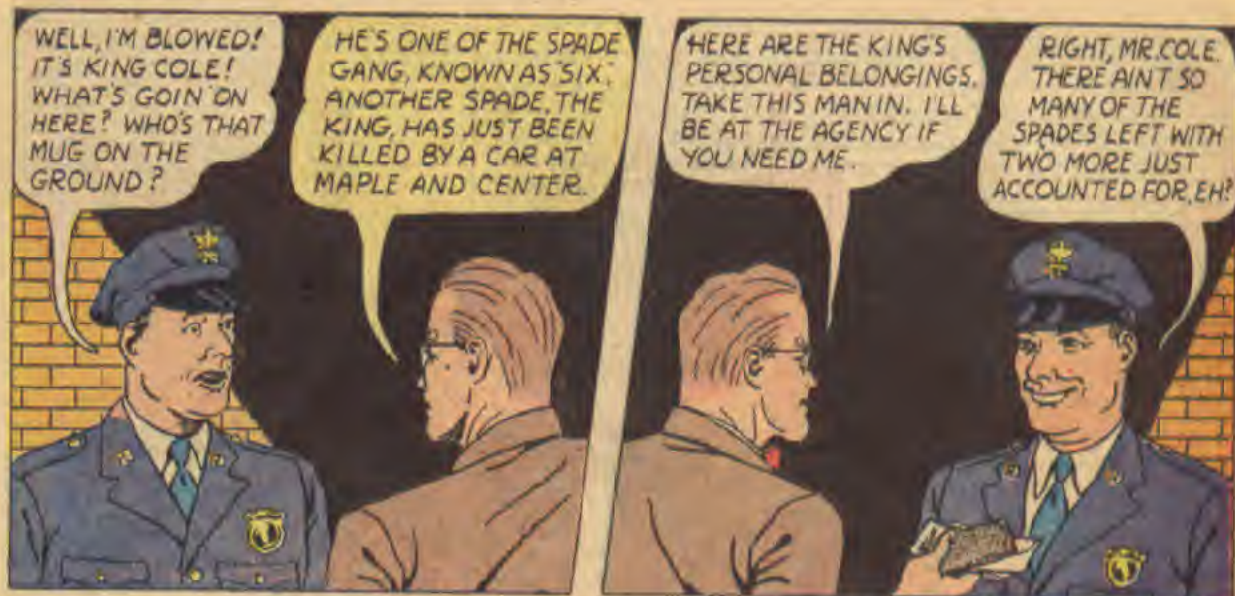
GOSH, IT'S DARK! NOW WHERE DID THAT GUY GET TO?



RIGHT HERE, SMART GUY! REACH AND...QUICK!







WELL, I'M BLOWED!
IT'S KING COLE!
WHAT'S GOIN' ON
HERE? WHO'S THAT
MUG ON THE
GROUND?

HE'S ONE OF THE SPADE
GANG, KNOWN AS 'SIX'.
ANOTHER SPADE, THE
KING, HAS JUST BEEN
KILLED BY A CAR AT
MAPLE AND CENTER.

HERE ARE THE KING'S
PERSONAL BELONGINGS.
TAKE THIS MAN IN. I'LL
BE AT THE AGENCY IF
YOU NEED ME.

RIGHT, MR. COLE.
THERE AIN'T SO
MANY OF THE
SPADES LEFT WITH
TWO MORE JUST
ACCOUNTED FOR, EH?

KING RETURNS TO THE AGENCY.

IN KING'S OFFICE.



ANY MESSAGES,
KENT?

MR. STEELE
PHONED. HE'S
AT THE ALL-
DORF, ROOM
682... MR.
GRAHAM IS
OUT FOR LUNCH.



JUST ON A HUNCH I HELD
BACK THIS NOTE FROM
THE KING'S BELONGINGS.
PROBABLY DOESN'T
AMOUNT TO
ANYTHING.



* ALLDORF, 682... FLYER IN STEEL...
CLEAN UP. HM-M-M... DOOR
OPEN... UM-M. ALLDORF! 682!
682! STEEL! STEEL-STEELE!
SOMETHING'S UP! 2:30!
WHERE'S MY GUN! I'VE GOT TO
MOVE FAST!



KENT! MR.
STEELE'S
MESSAGE
AGAIN...
AND WHEN
DID HE
PHONE?!

THE ALLDORF,
ROOM 682.
HE PHONED
IN AT 1:45.
MR. COLE.



IT TIES UP! KENT, I'M GOING
TO ROOM 682! CONTACT
GRAHAM. IF THERE'S NO
WORD FROM ME BY THREE
O'CLOCK, SEND HIM TO THE
ALLDORF, FAST!



KING DASHES FOR AN ELEVATOR—
IT'S 2:05. I HOPE THERE'S
A CAB OUT FRONT. THIS
MAY BE TOO CLOSE FOR
COMFORT!

WE RETURN TO THE ALDORF, ROOM 682.

A MOST EXCELLENT TOAST, BETTY
MY DEAR! WE DRINK TO US, AND
... ETERNITY!

BUT, AS WHIP RAISES
THE COFFEE TO HIS LIPS, THE CUP IS
SUDDENLY JARRED
FROM HIS HAND AS
OMAR, THE CAT, UN-
EXPECTEDLY LEAPS
FOR THE TABLE TO
LAND AND UPSET
THE SUGAR BOWL
AND SPILL THE
CREAM OVER ITS
SCATTERED CON-
TENTS.

AVIDLY, OMAR LAPS UP THE SPILLED
CREAM.

OMAR! OMAR!! WHIP! STOP
HIM! STOP HIM!

BUT OMAR ELUDES WHIP'S
OUTSTRECHED HANDS
AND SPRINGS
FROM THE
TABLE

COME HERE, YOU!

IN MID-AIR THE
CAT STIFFENS
AND, WITH A
PIERCING YOWL,
PLOPS HEAVILY
TO THE FLOOR!
A FEW SPASMS
... AND HE IS
DEAD.

GOOD HEAVENS, HE'S
DEAD! BETTY! THOSE
SPASMS! JUST AS IF
HE'D BEEN POISONED!
POISON! THAT CREAM!

WHIP WHEELS, SUSPICION ON
HIS FACE AND—

ZOP!



THE THUD OF THE FALLSTAR-
LES KING, WHO WHIRLS ERECT,
THEN DARTS TO HER SIDE.

SO! A HYPODERMIC! IT JAB-
BED INTO HER NECK WHEN
SHE FELL. BR-R-R! MEANT
FOR ME, NO
DOUBT! SHE
ISN'T DEAD,
BUT—



WHY DOESN'T SHE SPEAK OR
MOVE?... WHY... SHE CAN'T!
WHEW! WHAT KIND OF STUFF
IS IN THAT HYPO? I BETTER
PHONE POLICE HEADQUARTERS.



TEN MINUTES LATER... WHAT'S
UP, KING! WHIP! HE... HE ISN'T...?

NOT DEAD,
URSUS...
LAID OUT.
TAKE CHARGE
UNTIL THE COPS
AND AMBULANCE
ARRIVE.



I'M GOING TO THE AGENCY,
I'VE WORK FOR IRIS AND
HER LABORATORY. JUST
AS SOON AS WHIP AND
THE GIRL ARE REMOVED,
REPORT TO ME. S'LONG.



5:30 P.M. THE COLE DETECTIVE
AGENCY. IRIS, ABOUT TO REPORT
TO KING, ANSWERS THE PHONE—

HELLO, MISS NORLAND SPEAK-
ING.... I'LL TAKE THE MESSAGE.
OH, FINE! YES YES I'LL TELL
HIM... BYE.



GOOD NEWS! WHIP HAS A CON-
TUSION AND A HEADACHE AND
NOTHING MORE! THE GIRL IS...
DEAD. A PLAYING CARD WAS
FOUND ON HER... THE QUEEN OF
SPADES! SO



KING WAS
RIGHT...!
THERE
WAS A
QUEEN!

HERE'S THE REPORT, KING. THE
"SUGAR" LUMPS YOU GAVE ME
TO ANALYSE ARE SODIUM
CYANIDE! THE CREAM SPILL-
ED OVER THE CYANIDE, THE CAT
LAPPED IT UP AND DIED, QUICK!
THE POISON WAS IN THE COFFEE
FROM WHIP'S CUP, SO, THE CAT
SAVED HIS
LIFE, AND—



YOUR LIFE TOO, KING, WHEN IT
TRIPPED THE QUEEN, BECAUSE,
THE HYPO CONTAINED THE
SOUTH AMERICAN, DEADLY
POISON, CURARE. FIRST IT
PARALYZES, THEN SPREADS
UNTIL THE VICTIM DIES OF
ASPHYXIATION AND CARDIAC
FAILURE!



NICE GIRL! WHIP WOULD
FALL FOR SOMEONE LIKE
THAT! WELL, WE STILL
HAVE TO DISPOSE OF THE
3, 8, ACE AND, I SUPPOSE,
THE JOKER, TO WRITE
FINIS TO
TO THE
SPADE
GANG!



IN THE NEXT ISSUE, KING AND
HIS COUSIN, DICK COLE, MEET
THE LAST OF THE SPADE GANG.

TONI GAYLE

TONI GAYLE, GLAMOROUS
DETECTIVE-MODEL, DISCOVERS
THAT EVEN IN HOLLYWOOD,
THE LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE,
MURDER IS GRIM AND ALL
TOO REAL!



AMONG THE MODELS APPEARING IN THE NEW
MOVIE "MODEL GIRL" IS TONI GAYLE!

RUN ALONG, BIFF! I'LL
BE TOO BUSY MAKING
MYSELF FAMOUS TO
GET IN TROUBLE!

GEE, I ALMOST HOPE
YOU DON'T CLICK IN
PITCHERS! DIS IS A
SCREWY PLACE!



DON'T WORRY! I HAVE
ONLY ONE LINE TO SAY IN
THE MOVIE, AND THAT'LL
PROBABLY BE CUT BY
P. J. MAJOR!

MAJOR SEEMS
AWFUL STOOPID
TO BE A PRODUCER



SHUSH! I'LL NEVER GET
A GOLD BATHTUB AND A
PRIVATE SWIMMING POOL
IF HE HEARS YOU! SCOOT!



HOW



AH, MISS GAYLE!
YOU'LL LIKE IT HERE--
JUST ONE BIG HAPPY
FAMILY!

SOUND
STAGE
13



TAKE THAT, YOU
CONCEITED HAS-BEEN!

QUIET, HAG!

ER--GET INTO COSTUME
NOW! WE START
SHOOTING SOON!

SOUNDS AS IF SHOOT-
ING'S ALREADY STARTED-
IN OUR BIG HAPPY
FAMILY!



WE GOTTA
SEPARATE
THOSE
TEMPERAMENTAL
TERRORS BEFORE
THEY KILL EACH
OTHER!



SO WHAT?
YOU'RE
BOX OFFICE
POISON NOW!
I'M THE BIG DRAW
AROUND HERE!



I'LL PUT A
PERMANENT
WAVE IN THAT
GRECIAN NOSE IF
YOU DON'T STOP
SABOTAGING MY
CAREER!



TSK TSK! LITA, SUPPOSE
YOUR FANS COULD
SEE YOU NOW?



SO LONG, KID! I LEAVE YOU
WITH YOUR ILLUSIONS!
THAT BLOND' HAIR IS
JUST AS PHONY
AS SHE IS!

DO YOU



LIKE





WRITE THE EDITORS



YOUR OPINIONS

PONI SOON TELLS HER SUSPICIONS
TO P.J. MAJOR.

--SO I'M SURE
YOUR BODYGUARD
IS THE KILLER!

NOW, NOW--LET'S
NOT BE HASTY!
I THINK YOU'RE
MISTAKEN, BUT
I'LL CHECK ON IT!



MEANWHILE, YOU'RE
UPSET. WHY NOT RELAX
BY LOOKING OVER THE
DAY'S RUSHES?

WELL--MAYBE.
OKAY, BIFF?

SURE I
LIKE
PITCHERS!



JUST THE SAME, I'M
GOING TO TURN OVER
THIS MATERIAL TO THE
POLICE!

BETTER FIND
A SEAT BEFORE
I TURN OUT
THE LIGHTS.

PROJECTION
ROOM



OKAY! START
THE SHOW!

GEE! IT'S NICE
SEEN' MOVIES
IN YOUR OWN ROOM!

WONDERFUL! NO
WOMEN WITH BIG
HATS BEFORE US,
NOBODY TO STEP
ON OUR TOES!



---BUT SOMEBODY'S HERE
TO SLUG YOUR HEAD!



OKAY, BOSS! THE
BIG GUY'S OUT
COLD AS AN ICE CUBE!

PARDON ME!
IT'S STUFFY
IN HERE!



WHY? I WALKED
INTO THAT TRAP,
BUT I'M RUNNING OUT!

GET THAT
NOSY MINX!



ADDRESS ALL MAIL









I'M ASHAMED
OF MESELF!

TOO BAD YOU
TWO DIDN'T
MIND YOUR
OWN BUSINESS!



TALKING TO DISTRACT MAJOR,
TONI CAREFULLY BACKS TOWARD
THE ROCKET SHIP SWITCH!

WHY DID
MURGER KILL
HARTLEY BRAKER
FOR YOU?

FINANCIAL REASONS,
DEARIE! I WAS
STUCK WITH A LONG
CONTRACT TO PAY
HIM FIVE GRAND A WEEK
--AND THE PUBLIC WAS
FED UP WITH HIM!



TONI MANAGES TO MUDGE THE
SWITCH UP!

IT WAS EITHER GO
BROKE, OR GET RID
OF HIM--SO I GOT
RID OF HIM! I
PLANTED THE
KILL ON LITA SWANN!

MAJOR'S
DIRECTLY IN
THE PATH OF
THE ROCKET--
AND IT'S STARTING
UP NOW!



THAT TAKES CARE
OF HIM! NOW
TRY AGAIN, BIFF!



I CAN SEE YOUR
JAW PERFECT NOW, PAL!

WE LICKED
'EM, BIFF!

OH!



LATER--

HOW CAN I THANK YOU,
MY DEAR! I MIGHT HAVE
BEEN EXECUTED! I'LL SEND
YOU AN AUTOGRAPHED PHOTO!

YOU REALLY MUSN'T
BOTHER, MISS SWANN!
I DON'T DESERVE IT!



GUESS WE HAD
THE BRIEFEST
MOVIE CAREERS
ON RECORD!

BACK WE GO TO NEW YORK
AND THE MODELING GRIND
ONCE MORE! PUTTING OUR
PRODUCER IN JAIL PUT US OUT
OF A JOB! BUT IT WAS FUN.

NEW YORK 11, N.Y.

DATED COIN

By WILLIAM CUTHBERT

WHEN Slick Frazer entered the museum, he had an idea in mind of how to make some easy money.

He found the show case of coins he was seeking, and studied the coins in detail. Now he was ready to go to work!

His racket was forgeries, or any other facsimile with which he could swindle someone out of a roll of greenbacks. His intended prey of the moment was Joshua Higgins the wealthy oil man.

He knew Higgins' background well. Owned a ranch in Oklahoma, discovered oil, and made a fortune. Still Higgins was just an ordinary cowland man. Never let his wealth go to his head—and had a habit of collecting oddities which changed with his mood. Once it had been American Indian relics, another time it was carved ivory figures—and now, Higgins was picking up old coins, and the more ancient the better.

Slick's smile broadened. Higgins didn't know coins, just trusted that other people were honest like himself, and he'd pay the price asked, if he liked the looks of the piece.

The piece Slick was about to fashion was to be ancient enough all right, in fact he expected to collect a cool thousand dollars for it.

Slick set up his tools, melted some copper and brass in what he figured were the right proportions, molded it to size, then skillfully began the engraving.

When it was finished, Slick rubbed dirt over it to take away the look of newness.

Then for a time, he studied the coin to make sure that he hadn't slipped up in any way. On the back of the piece there was the faint outline of a pyramid in the foreground, and a sphinx in the distance. What would have been writing, Slick had made to look obliterated by age. On the head side, was the figure of an Egyptian Ruler, with the date 200 B. C. just distinguishable.

"The date," thought Slick, "is what will make Higgins buy the coin."

Pleased with his own smartness and craftsmanship, Slick went to the telephone and called Joshua Higgins. Everything worked fine. Higgins was at home, and would be glad to see the coin that was so old.

While driving to Higgins' hotel, Slick rehearsed just what he was going to tell the ex-cowboy, and he could almost feel the thousand dollars in his pocket.

When he knocked on the door of Higgins' apartment, and Higgins himself opened the door, Slick was mighty pleased. Higgins looked as Slick had pictured him, a simple minded man with money, who was an easy mark.

And Slick gained more confidence when friendly Higgins ushered him inside, and he saw the room decorated in ranch fashion, even to a lariat hanging on a hook on the wall.

Higgins listened as Slick handed the coin to him and said, "This came from the tomb of King Tutencha of Egypt. A friend of mine sold it to me and I hate to part with it, but I need some cash. It's yours for only a thousand dollars. Look at it, dated way back to two hundred years B. C."

Higgins said, "Sure a mighty nice lookin' piece."

Then Higgins placed the coin on a table, seeming as if it had to be in just a certain position. As he walked to the wall and took the lariat in his hands, he said, "Let me show you what I do with a rope."

Slick shrugged his shoulders—the guy wanted to show off.

Then suddenly, the loop of the rope circled Slick's shoulders, and before he could catch his breath, he was on the floor, and Higgins was hog-tying him.

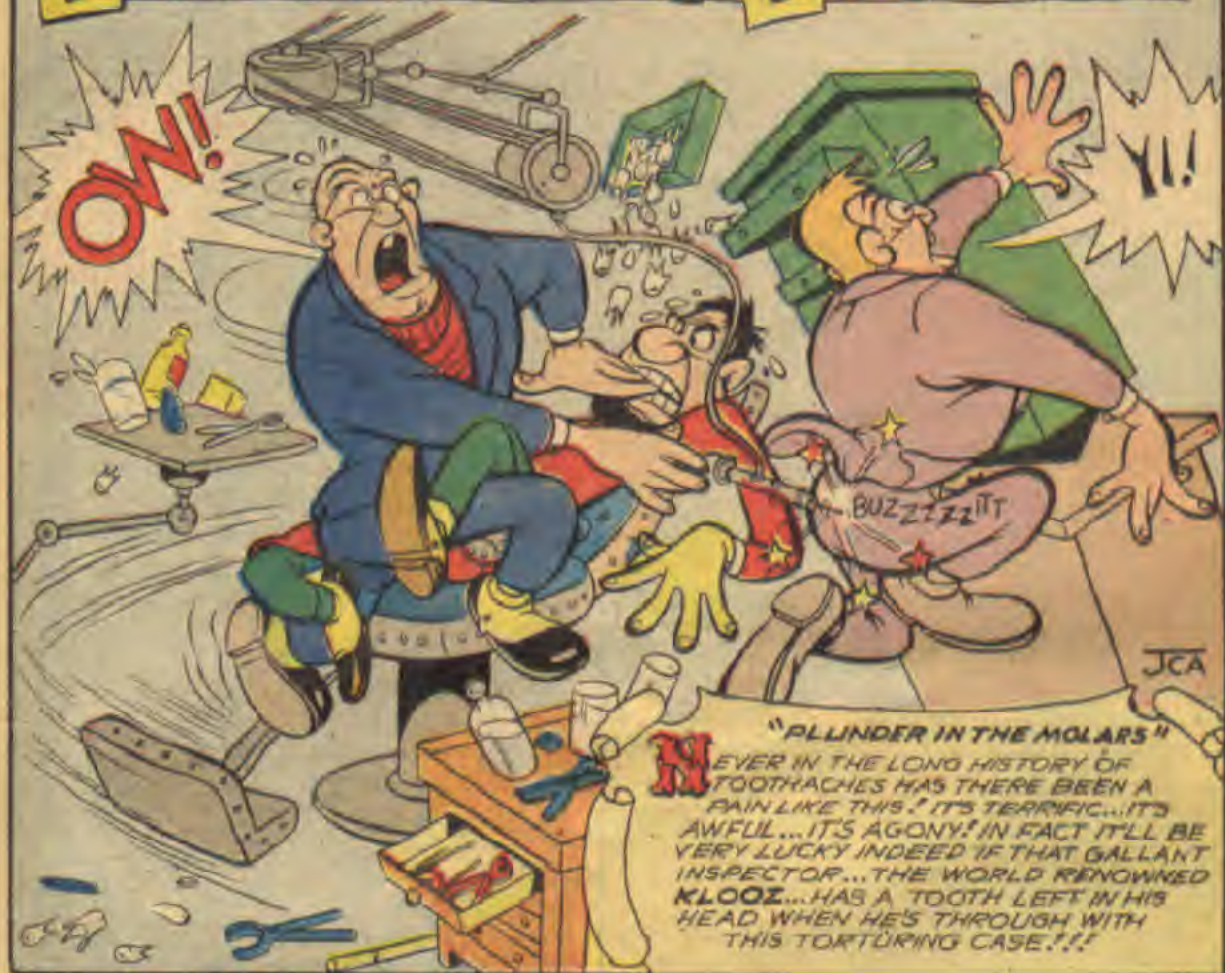
When Higgins finally stood over him and smiled at the neat job he had done, Slick bellowed, "What's the idea?"

"Bein' honest myself, I hate a cheat," said Higgins in an icy tone.

Slick's thoughts ran wild. He had slipped up somewhere, but where?

"—got a little brains," continued Higgins, "a man would have to be a mighty good PROPHET to date a coin 200 B. C. in that year, for there would be no other way for him to know that the calender was goin' to have a B. C. and A. D. two hundred years later."

INSPECTOR KLOOZ



YEOW! I CAN'T TEAR IT... ER, BEAR THE PAIN... ER, PAIN! MY POOR TOOTH!



WHERE IS HE? WHERE IS THAT ROOF MIXER... ER, TOOTH FIXER! I JUST GOTTA HAVE HELP!













DR. DOOM

DRAWINGS BY
NINA ALBRIGHT



THREE MEN SHOT
IN THREE DAYS IS
A TERRIFYING
RECORD!

LOOKS AS IF
SOMEONE
WANTS TO
WIPE OUT THE
MOUNTED POLICE!



NOT THAT MOMENT--

OH!



GUESS I'M
NUMBER FOUR,
BILL! SIC
DOCTOR DOOM
ON THAT KILLER
BEFORE HE
GETS US ALL!

OK, WALLY! I'LL
CALL HIM AS
SOON AS I GET
YOU TO THE
HOSPITAL!



JOIN THE FUN WITH SPECK, SPOT, AND SIS
IN THE NEW COMIC MAGAZINE--HUMDINGER

SOON--- HMM-- VERY INTERESTING--
THE KILLER SOUNDS DEMENTED.
--MIND IF MY STUDENTS SEARCH
YOUR DEPARTMENT FILES?



NOT AT ALL,
DOCTOR DOOM!

AN ASSIGNMENT, GENTLEMEN---
EXAMINE THE FILES OF THE MOUNTED
POLICE, AND PREPARE CASE HISTORIES
OF THOSE BEARING GRUDGES AGAINST
THAT DEPARTMENT! BE THOROUGH
AND SWIFT!



CONSIDER IT DONE,
DOCTOR!

HOURS LATER---

ONLY SIX LIKELY
CASE HISTORIES.
BUT WE DUG
THROUGH
THIRTY YEARS
OF FILES
TO GET 'EM!



WE'LL CHECK
THEM
IMMEDIATELY.
THE KILLER
IS OBVIOUSLY
MAD, AND
MAY STRIKE
AGAIN AT
ANY MOMENT!

GOLLY, THIS MAKES
ME FEEL REAL
EFFICIENT! JUST
CALL ME
SHERLOCK!

**BUT AFTER THREE FRUITLESS
INQUIRIES---**



AW! WE DID ALL
THAT WORK FOR
NOTHIN'. NONE
OF THOSE GUYS
COULD BE THE
KILLER!

BUCK UP, BUZZ!
THERE'S PLENTY OF
BORING ROUTINE IN A
DETECTIVE'S LIFE!

WHO'S
NEXT ON
OUR LIST?

A MAN NICKNAMED "THE
JOCKEY" ATTACHED A COP
TWENTY YEARS AGO, AND
WAS RECENTLY RELEASED
FROM JAIL. NOW
HE'S BACK AT
THE RACE TRACK!



OH HIM--HE'S
SUPPOSED TO
BE MENTALLY UN-
STABLE, TOO. I GOT
A HUNCH HE'S OUR
MAN!

YOU HAD THE
SAME HUNCH ON
THE OTHER
THREE!

SOON-- AT THE RACE TRACK---



LOOK! THAT
LITTLE GUY LOOKS
LIKE THE PICTURES
OF "THE JOCKEY"!

RIGHT--AND LOOK WHO'S
WITH HIM! JACKSON
NOBLEY, THE NOTORIOUS
GANGSTER!

SO LONG, JOCKEY!
DON'T FORGET I'M
COUNTING ON YOU!



DON'T WORRY!
THIS'LL BE THE
HAPPIEST DAY OF
MY LIFE!

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF
GARY STARK IN TARGET COMICS



HI, JOCKEY,
WE WANT
ASK SOME
QUESTIONS!

THIS AIN'T A
QUIZ SHOW!
SCRAM!

JOCKEY, YOU CAN
DO A FAVOR FOR
THE MOUNTED
POLICE!



NUTS TO
THEM COPS!
I HATE
'EM ALL!

THE MAN WHO SHOT
THE COPS WILL STILL
HAVE TINY GRAINS OF
GUNPOWDER ON HIS
HANDS. DO YOU MIND
IF WE MAKE A MICRO-
ANALYSIS OF YOURS?



YES, I DO! I
GOT AN ALIBI!
THE GROOM IN
HERE CAN
PROVE I AIN'T
LEFT THE TRACK!

SHUCKS! ANOTHER
SUSPECT GONE
WRONG!

MAYBE I'LL
HAVE TO
INSIST ON
THAT INSPECTION,
JOCKEY!



WAIT HERE! I'LL
FIND HIM IN A
MINUTE!

I THINK HE'S
TRYING TO
STALL US--
HEH! HEH!

THIS IS AN OVER-
SIZE STALL, AND
THAT HORSE LOOKS
MIGHTY MEAN--
I'D RATHER WAIT
SOMEPHASE ELSE!



THERE! THIS'LL KEEP THOSE
MEDDLERS LOCKED IN WITH THAT
MAN-KILLING STALLION!

HEY! WHAT'S
THE IDEA?



HA! YOU'LL NEVER
ESCAPE TO SPOIL
THE BIGGEST JOB OF
MY CAREER! WHEN
THAT HORSE GETS
STARTED-- HE'LL
POUND YOU TO
SHREDS!

SO YOU ADMIT
YOU'RE
THE KILLER?



CERTAINLY!--AND WHEN
THEY UNVEIL THE WAR
VETERANS' MONUMENT
TODAY THEY'LL FIND ME
INSIDE WITH THE TOMMY
GUN MOBLEY GAVE ME!
I'LL MOW DOWN EVERY
COP IN SIGHT!

GREAT SCOTT! IT'LL BE
A MASS SLAUGHTER!
YOU'RE CRAZY!

LOOK OUT,
DOC!

FOLLOW THE RIOTOUS ADVENTURES OF
BUTCH AND HIS MAGIC CAP IN HUMDINGER

HA! HA! FAREWELL! YOU'LL BE POUNDED TO DEATH, WHILE I WAIT FOR THE COPS!

WE'RE TRAPPED!
WE CAN'T GET OUT!



WHEW! HE CALMED DOWN AS SOON AS HE COULDN'T SEE!

A SWAT IN THE RIGHT PLACE MAY HELP US CRACK OUT OF HERE!

THE STARTLED HORSE LASHES OUT, SMASHING DOWN THE DOOR

WOW! WHAT POWER! MAYBE I OUGHTA EAT MORE HAY!

HURRY, BOYS! WE HAVE TO STOP THAT MADMAN!

QUIET DOWN, HORSE! WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO!



JERRY, HOP A CAB AND WARN THE COPS ABOUT JOCKEY! I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHY MOBLEY IS BACKING UP JOCKEY IN THIS SENSELESS SLAUGHTER!

YEAH! MOBLEY DOESN'T DO A THING UNLESS HE MAKES DOUGH ON IT!

HEAR THAT? MOBLEY DON'T WANT JOCKEY STOPPED!

WE GOTTA KEEP THIS KID QUIET UNTIL THE BIG JOB IS DONE!



A THRILL A MINUTE WITH
THE CADET IN TARGET COMICS



HIT THE BULL'S-EYE
BUY TARGET COMICS



IF ON GLOOM YOU'D TURN THE TABLES
JOIN THE GANG IN FRISKY FABLES



WHO IS THE CHAMELEON?
READ TARGET COMICS

DON'T MISS THE
NEXT ISSUE

BOITRAM THE BOIGLAR

BY ART HELFANT

HERE'S
WHERE I
GET INTO
SOMETHING



OH! THE
PLUMBERS.
COME RIGHT
IN!



GEE,
WE
AIN'T
NO..

PIPE
DOWN,
EGBOIT!



THERE'S THE
LEAK- ISN'T
IT AWFUL!

IT COULDN'T
BE MUCH
WORSE.

SAY, IT'S
A LUCKY
THING I
BRUNG OUR
WATER WINGS
ALONG!



WE'LL HAVE TO
GO HOME AND
SLEEP ON IT.

ULP!
WHO'S
THAT
?!

IT'S ONLY
MY SON- HE'S
A POLICEMAN.



BUT BEIN'
IT'S YOU,
WE'LL TACKLE
IT...

SAY, WOT KIND
OF PLUMBERS
ARE YOU? THESE
LOOK LIKE BURGLAR
TOOLS.



I KNEW THIS
WAS GONNA BE
TOUGH!

HEY!



YOU DOPE!
YOU MADE
IT WORSE
!!

DON'T JUST
SIT THERE-
GIVE ME
A HAND!



JUST HOLD IT LIKE
THAT TILL WE GO
HOME FOR OUR
BLUEPOINTS

YOU
MEAN
BLUEPRINTS



WOW!
THAT
WAS A
CLOSE
SHAVE!

YEAH, PLUMBIN'
IS A DOGGONE
DANGEROUS
BUSINESS..
I'M GONNA
STICK TO
BOIGLARY.



FOR THE VERY BEST IN COMICS
READ HUMDINGER MAGAZINE

Homer K. **BEAGLE**



The
DEMON DETECTIVE
Art by Harvey Fuller

HOMER K. BEAGLE,
THE IMPETUOUS
DETECTIVE, LEARNS
THAT ALL IS NOT
WELL THAT ENDS IN
THE WELL --
ESPECIALLY WHEN
IT'S A HUMAN LIFE!



AT LAST IT'S HERE!
I'LL SHOW SCOTLAND
YARD AND THE F.B.I.
THEY'RE NOT THE ONLY
SCIENTIFIC
MASTERMINDS!



GOLLY, THIS OUGHTA IMPRESS
MY CLIENTS -- IT EVEN IMPRESSES
ME -- BUT I SEE SPOTS BEFORE
MY EYES!





OKAY! NO RODS.
YOU CAN SEE MR.
NOSTRUM NOW!

I'LL MAKE HIS EARS BURN,
AND HE'LL BE CRYING ON
MY SHOULDER AFTER I'M
THROUGH TELLING HIM
ABOUT HIS
RELATIVES!

LOOK HERE
JASPER NOSTRUM!
YOUR RELATIVES ARE
STARVING!!
LIVING LIKE WORMS!
IT'S YOUR DUTY TO--

WHAT?



DON'T EVER MENTION
THEM AGAIN!
DO YOU WANT THIS
JOB--OR NOT?

Y-YES,
BUT--

BANG!



VERY WELL!!
KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT!
LEARN TO KNOW THE ESTATE
AND THE OTHER GUARDS!
THE WORLD IS FULL OF CROOKS!
--ALL TRYING TO GET MY
MONEY!

Y-YES,
BUT--



TODAY'S PASSWORD IS
PARSNIP!
USE IT, OR THE GUARDS
WILL SHOOT YOU AS AN
INTRUDER! REPORT TO ME
HOURLY-- GOODDAY!

THIS WAY
OUT!
GET ON THE
JOB!

THAT OLD
SKINFUNT BRUSHED
ME OFF WITHOUT
EVEN LISTENING
ABOUT HIS
NEPHEW!!

THIS PLACE
WOULD BE
SWELL FOR
EZRA'S
KIDS--

HALT!!
GIVE
THE
PASSWORD!

PLEASD TO
MEETCHA,
BUT--



OWGOSH! I'VE FORGOTTEN
THE PASSWORD -- MASHED
POTATOES, LOLLIPOP, BANANA,
TURNIP -- WHAT IS IT?

HEY, FELLAS!
C'MON!
WE GOT A CUSTOMER
AT LAST -- FREE TARGET
PRACTICE!!

PARDON ME!
I CAN'T STAY
FOR THE
SHOOTING MATCH!

SPEAK UP!
OR I
FIRE!

THERE
HE
GOES!

IT ISN'T FAIR!
WHY SHOULD I BE
KILLED BEFORE I
RISE TO MY RIGHTFUL
PLACE ON TOP!

I'M DUE TO
GO UP --
OOP!!

BANG!

ZIP

HE'S GONE!
HE MUSTA
RUN OFF
THE
ESTATE!

YEAH, BUT THIS WILL
START OLD MONEYBAGS
TALKING ABOUT THE DAYS
WHEN KO KILLIGAN
WAS RUNNING WILD!
PHOOEY!

LUCKY THING I FLOPPED
INTO THIS OLD WELL -- THEY
ALMOST MADE A CORPSE
OUT OF ME!

YEOW!
S THAT ME?

IT AIN'T POLITE
TO POINT!

WHO'S
THAT?

G-GOSH-H--!

THIS GUY WAS SHOT
YEARS AGO -- WONDER
WHO KILLED HIM--
AND WHY--?



A MICROANALYSIS OF THIS
RING OUGHT TO TELL A LOT
ABOUT THIS UNDERNOURISHED
CHARACTER! THANK
GOODNESS I GOT A
MICROSCOPE!

I'LL WRAP IT UP
IN THIS SCRAP OF
PAPER FROM THE FLOOR.
WAIT TILL JASPER NOSTRUM
HEARS OF THIS -- HE'LL
GIVE ME A RAISE!

THE COAST
IS CLEAR -- I
THINK! BUT THOSE
GUARDS ARE
TRIGGER HAPPY!



MAKING LIKE A SNAKE
IS THE ONLY SAFE
ESCAPE--SLOW BUT
SURE -- THAT'S ME!



WHAT IN
TARNATION IS
GOING ON?

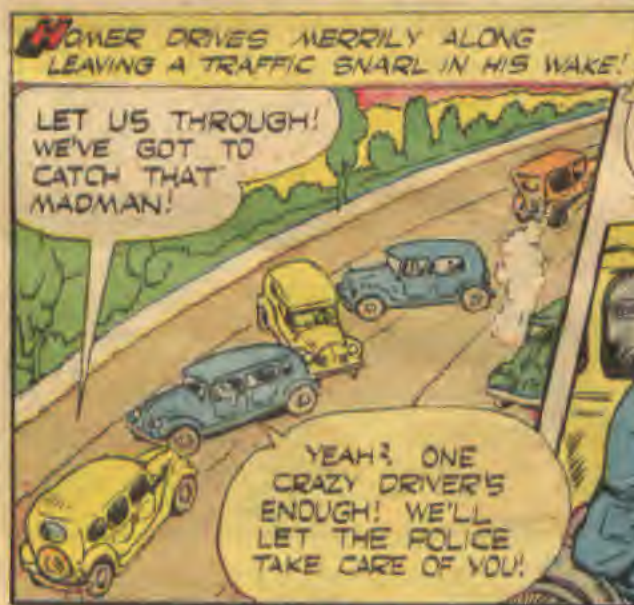
LOOKA!
THE SNAPE!

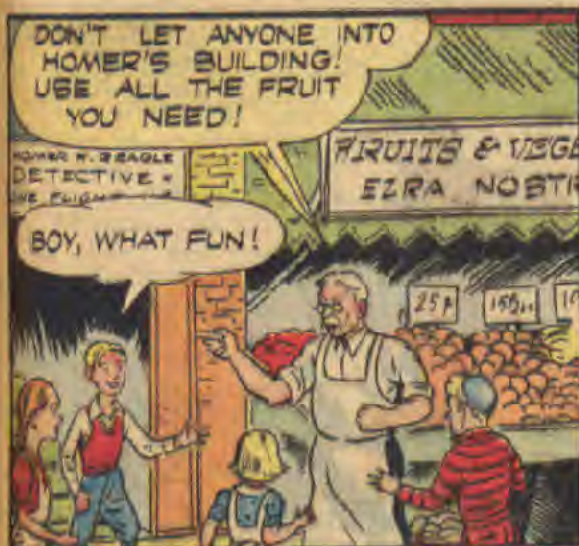
BROCCOLI!
SPINACH!
BEETS!
RADISHES!











--AND WRAPPED IT
IN THIS PAPER--OH!
GEE-EE--GOSH!

MIGOSHI!
THE SKELETON WROTE
THIS! THE SKELETON WAS
THE REAL JASPER
NOSTRUM!!

SO-- THAT'S WHY EZRA
COULDN'T SEE YOU!
YOU KNEW YOU'D BE
RECOGNIZED!

THEN THIS
GUY'S
KO KILLIGAN!

BLAST YOU,
BEAGLE! YOU'LL
DIE FOR
RUINING MY PLAN!

*I, Jasper Nostrum, was
shot, and left as dead
by Ko Killigan, who
plans to masquerade
as me. Hoping Justice
will triumph over
Ko Killigan, I leave
all possible clues to my
nephew, Ezra Nostrum.
(Signed) Jasper Nostrum*

SO LONG!
I GOT AN
APPOINTMENT!
UGH--!

TO THINK A
CLUMSY FOOL LIKE
YOU COULD
DEFEAT ME!

I HATE TO
DO THIS--

CONK

OH!

BANG!

GREAT WORK! YOU'VE
SOLVED THE BIG MYSTERY
OF WHAT HAPPENED
TO KILLIGAN--AND
MADE MILLIONS
FOR EZRA NOSTRUM
AND HIS KIDS!

YEAH!
BUT LOOK
AT MY
MICROSCOPE!

WE'RE
RICH,
HOMER!
THANKS
TO YOU!

WE LIVE
ON A
SWELL
BIG
ESTATE!

HERE'S A
NEW
MICROSCOPE
AND
CHEMISTRY
SET
FOR YOU!

OH, BOY, THANKS!
NOW I'LL
SOLVE ALL MY
CASES JUST
THROUGH
BRAINPOWER!

BUT a few days later--

**BOYS! IT WAS EASY AND FUN, MAKING
A TELEPHONE, RADIO,
SECRET DETECTAPHONE,
AMPLIFIER, BROADCAST
THRU MY RADIO-
AND MANY OTHER THINGS!**

ELECTRIC MICROPHONE TRANSMITTER BUTTON



AMAZING, SENSITIVE N-S WIZARD MICROPHONE

NOW AVAILABLE! An electrical device that should provide you with a lot of **FUN** and serve **MANY PRACTICAL USES**. Read the startling things you can do with the wonderful **MICROPHONE TRANSMITTER BUTTON**. When you've had your fun, you'll be surprised at how many really practical and useful things it will do. A great instrument that any boy will enjoy in a hundred different ways!



50c

Just A Few of the Many Practical Things You Can Do



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It is a regular microphone. When connected to your radio, you can broadcast your voice, songs, recitations, etc. Sing, talk, or play your games at home or at a party. Fun for practicing singing, recitations, playing musical instruments, etc.

Use It As Amplifying Unit

Use as a regular microphone and connect to your radio. A good substitute for a public address system.

Use It For Spirit Phenomena

Individuals have used it to create "spooky" or "supernatural" effects which they attribute to mind or ghosts. Weird.



Makes a Perfect Secret Detectaphone

Overhear Conversations in Rooms, Public Places, etc. Latest Evidence Against Secretaries, Etc.

Detectaphone is easily concealed in your belt, pocket, or under your table, so you can hear the secreted in it. Another device for another interesting use for performing dramatic work. Stage work, "spooky" comedy skits and other stage work.



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Create musical effects such as the "singing guitar" by attaching to your musical instrument. Can be connected to guitar, violin, piano, etc., etc.

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So small it can be concealed in your lapel, suit, or vest. Useful for public speakers.

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Fine For Electrical Experi- menter or Inventor

The most popular item of this amazing collection has given over 100,000 practical experiments. The whole thing is so easy that anyone can do it. The Microphone can be used to hear secret work. By connecting to flashlight bulb you can make "talking light". Have a relay circuit and you can turn lights, motor, etc., on or off by a speaker's command. Lots of other amazing, practical uses will come to you.



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When Microphone is connected to telephone and batteries only needed to make a regular telephone. Will carry voice over thousands of feet of wire. Connect up to your friends' house or to a public place, etc. For one way conversation you need one microphone button and one telephone. For two-way conversation you need two of each. Cheapest real electric telephone ever made.

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Attach to gramophone or phonograph and it will make the music which can be fed into telephone or amplifying circuit for loud speaker use.

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Has been used in mind reading acts of conjuring to great effect. Magazine Nov. 1, 1929, from page 10, their outstanding tricks.



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Place sounds in baby's room, garage, barn, etc. Hear what the neighbors are doing. Make spies.

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Simple to operate—easy to connect. Just follow the illustrated diagrams. An average boy of 13 can do it. There is nothing complicated about it; you don't have to know anything about electricity. Made for those who want to enjoy the fun of these amazing stunts, but interesting for those who like to experiment. Each Microphone Button complete with illustrated booklet which describes and illustrates the many uses.

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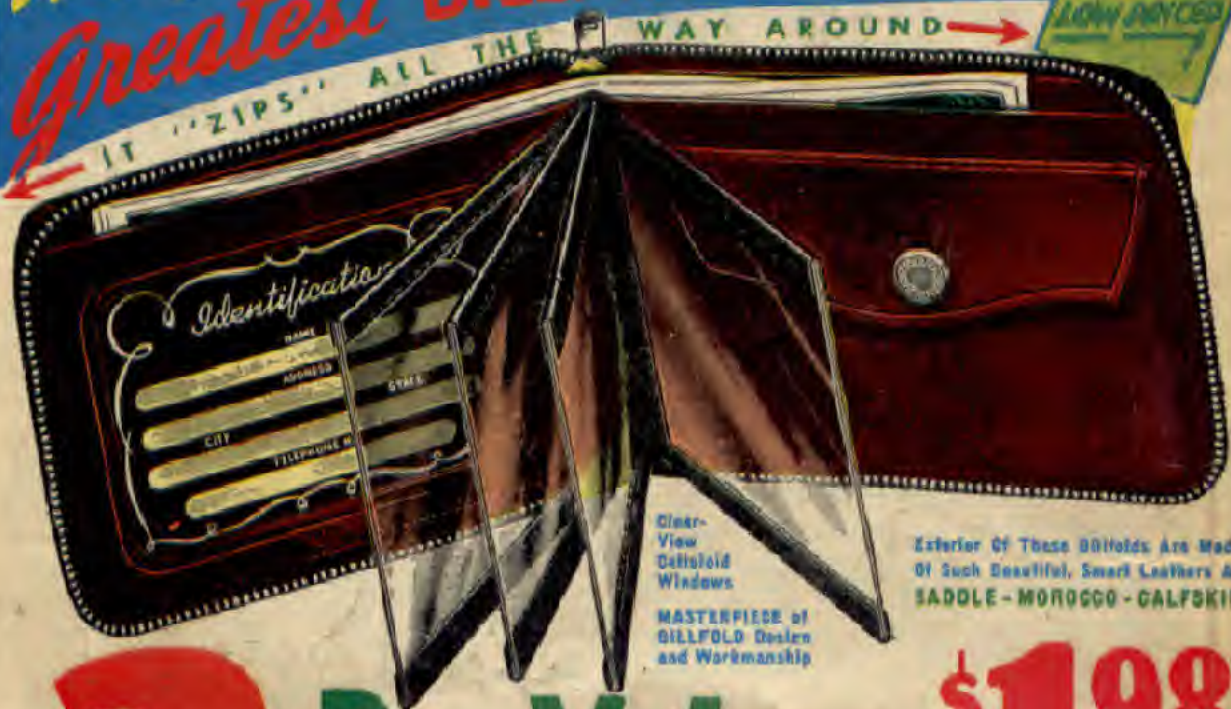
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Complete with
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RABBIT'S FOOT**

What a sensational offer! And what a mar-
velous value! This is the first time in our
history we've ever given a smart leather, genu-
ine all-around Zipper Billfold for the unheard
of low price of only \$1.98. Ordinarily you
would have to pay that price for just the usual
type billfold with no zipper. Yet on this bargain
offer we not only give you this beautifully styled
Zipper Billfold, which is a remarkable value in
itself, but you also get two other great features
— 3 BIG VALUES in all for ONE LOW
PRICE! You can't beat an offer like that.
You'll agree when you see this Billfold that
it's the best ever.

**This Genuine RABBIT'S FOOT
KEYHOLDER Included With
Every Zipper Billfold!**

Some people get a great deal of faith in the
symbolic magic of a rabbit's foot. They feel
that it acts as a good omen. Even if you
aren't superstitious, you'll find that this rab-
bit's foot makes a mighty good key holder.
It's novel. It's handy. It's a genuine rabbit's
foot with real fur and everything. The picture
shows the rabbit's foot about actual size.
Comes complete with a generous gilt chain,
flexible and large enough to accommodate all
your keys.

RUSH YOUR ORDER FIRST COME FIRST SERVED

Here, without a doubt, is the last word in a real
man's billfold — it has a place for everything.
It "rips open all the way" so that currency,
change, passes and membership cards can be
reached easy and fast. Yet when closed you
can shake the billfold all you want and nothing
can fall out. So handy! So safe! Remember
as an extra special feature we also include
America's most popular genuine Rabbit's Foot
Key-Holder, complete with gilt Chain as shown.
But hurry while there's still time. **SEND NO
MONEY!** Just rush your order on the handy
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Foot Key Holder with Gilt Chain. On arrival, I will pay post-
man only \$2.00 plus 7% Fed. Tax and few cents postage and
packing charges. If not delighted in very way I can return in
10 days for full refund.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
To save shipping charges I am enclosing in advance \$1.98
plus 98% Federal Tax (Total \$2.98). Please ship above
order all postage charges prepaid.